



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Solitude is the audience-chamber of God.—*Landor.*

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

Honor and profit do not always lie in the same sack.—*George Herbert.*

The mill streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in the solitary places.—*Helps.*

Truth is eclipsed often and acts for night, but never is it turned aside from its eternal path.

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—*Plato.*

I believe that everything in the world that tends to make men happy is moral.—*R. G. Ingersoll.*

The government of one's self is the only true freedom of the individual.—*Frederick Perthes.*

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since fiction can only please by its resemblance to it.—*Shaftesbury.*

Money is not nearly so valuable as character, for money can not buy the respect of thoughtful men and women.

General observations drawn from particulars are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room.—*Locke.*

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—*Mme. de Staël.*

There may be grander worlds, and larger worlds than this; but we think that this is a most exquisite world—a mignonette on the bosom of immensity.

Why pull down thy barns and "build greater?" Thou hast barns enough—the bosoms of the needy, the houses of widows, the mouths of orphans.—*St. Ambrose.*

When you have learned to submit, to do faithfully, patiently, duty that is most distasteful to you, God may permit you to do the work you like.—*Prof. Biddle.*

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common herewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the ideal made real.—*Carlyle.*

There may be times when silence is gold, and speech silver, but there also are times when silence is death and speech is life—the very life of Pentecost.—*Max Muller.*

Verily, verily, travelers have seen many monstrous idols in many countries; but no human eyes have seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the divine nature, than we creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses, of our own bad passions.—*Charles Dickens.*

## LIFE, SPIRIT, MATTER.

From an Unpublished Volume by J. P. Dameron, of San Francisco.

SYLLABUS.—The life principle that animates nature comes as a force from the center of universal life. All we know of life is in its manifestations in protoplasm; all life begins in a cell; all living organism is only an aggregation of cells. Man is a trinity, body, spirit and soul; out of matter, force and spirit all living things are evolved. Primal matter is first condensed in worlds, then it is worked over and over until all spiritual substance is extracted, which goes into the formation of a spiritual world and spiritual bodies that form habitations for the soul. The soul is the life principle, and the motive power which governs all effects of law or God, and must be correlated or partake of the nature of the Deity. It has always existed and is eternal life; therefore it is superior to matter which is changeable. The object of the incarnation of the soul into matter is to become acquainted with a physical existence, and build up a spiritual body which is developed out of the physical body; it retains its form and intelligence after it has left the physical body, and becomes a denizen in the spiritual world, which exists in ether.

"Divine Philosophy!"  
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,  
But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns."

Life is lovely every way we look upon it, in the blossom, wherein is hidden the force of nature, when it comes forth to display itself; when it blushes in the cheeks of a fair maiden, and sparkles like diamonds in her eyes; when it speaks love and affection in looks of a mother.

Life is rooted in nature's inmost being, and expresses to us in the most perfect form the meaning of its might, laws and impulses, which sways her, and which are written in the seas and on the rocks and the stars. It is too vast for our finite minds to comprehend, or to grasp—bright merry life with its ten thousand voices bursting forth from the dim and silent law which rules the world, as it does in the babbling spring that has run dark underground and burst forth sparkling in the sun—a thing full of life and beauty.

Physical life is the result of natural laws, and not an exception to them; it seems to begin with nutrition; the earth, and the air, and the distant orbs of the heavens feed it with ceaseless care, and supply with unfailing constancy its many wants. It is in league with universal forces and subsists by universal law. There is a ceaseless round of force nutrition throughout nature, each one generating or changing into the other. So the force that enters into the plant as heat or light, etc., and is stored up in its tissues, making them organic; this force transferred from the plant to the animal in digestion, is given out by its muscles in their decomposition which produces motion, or by its nerves which constitute nerve force.

Prof. Joseph Le Conte says: "It is well known that in the animal body there are going on continually two distinct and apparently opposite processes, viz., decomposition and recomposition of the tissues; and that the energy of life is exactly in proportion to the rapidity of their processes. We are continually dying so that we may live. In all our actions force is given off the very same force by which the body lives, and portions of our frame accordingly waste and are cast off every moment of our lives, so that in seven years, or in a much less space of time, the whole of our body is renewed."

Throughout the adult state nutrition proceeds *pari passum* without decay; in youth it is in excess, and the result is growth; in old age the preponderance of decay predicts the end is near, or, in other words, death by old age is starvation. But new life springs from the old and its offspring; the perishing organism repeats and multiplies its youth.

The body is at the same time growing old and decaying. It is nourished while it is dying. All of those processes of decomposition which generate functional activity are so mixed up with other vital processes that no experiment can entangle them. The relations of the various forces can be discerned and demonstrated only by the application of the known law of force.

Life is a wonderful thing, ever growing old, yet ever young; ever dying, ever being born; cut down and destroyed by accident, by violence, by pestilence, by

famine, praying remorselessly and insatiably, yet, still multiplying and expanding, filling every spot of the earth on which it once obtains a footing, yet so delicate, so feeble, so dependent upon the fostering circumstances and the kindly care of nature, yet so invincible, endowed as if with supernatural powers like spirits of the air, which yield to every touch, and seem to elude our force, subsisting by means incomprehensible to our grosser senses, yet yielding powers which the mightiest agencies obey, weakest and strongest of the things that God has made. Life is the heir to death, and yet she conquers. All living things must succumb to death's assault; life smiles at his impotence, and makes the grave her cradle. Life is an action produced by its opposite; it has its root in death, and is nourished by decay; not even a rose can bloom unless something must die.

Man is a very wonderful complicated piece of mechanism when the current of life is turned on, but when it is shut off his body soon becomes a mass of decaying matter, which returns to the inorganic world; but, alas, what has become of the life that once animated that intelligent, noble form? Prof. Huxley, in his interesting paper on "The Physical Basis of Life," says: "All we know of life is in its manifestations in protoplasm."

The physical basis of life depends on the pre-existence of certain compounds, namely, carbonic acid, water and ammonia. Withdraw any one of these three from the physical world and all vital phenomena comes to an end. Carbon and oxygen unite in certain proportions, and under certain conditions gives rise to carbonic acid; hydrogen and oxygen produce water; nitrogen and hydrogen forms ammonia. These compounds, like the elementary bodies of which they are composed, are lifeless, but when they are brought together under certain conditions acted on by heat give rise to a still more complex body called protoplasm, and this protoplasm exhibits the phenomena of physical life in the vegetable and animal kingdom.

The combination of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, form a complex union, the nature of which is unknown, but is called protein, a substance similar to the white of an egg, so that all living matter is more or less albuminoid. This substance is affected by heat and electricity, which seem to impart to it life. The coition of animals in copulation by friction of the generative organs produce heat or an electric shock which imparts life. All forms of protoplasm are liable to undergo that peculiar coagulation at a temperature of forty to fifty degrees of centigrade, which is called "heat stiffening." The lowest form of protoplasm is found in the plant, which manufactures it from the inorganic world; animals are obliged to take it ready made from the vegetable; hence all animal life is dependent upon plants; the lower animals prepare it for the higher. An ox by eating a ton of grass may make a pound of protoplasm; a breakfast for a man, the substance of which is digested in the stomach, passes into the veins and forms nourishment, and by the subtle influence it is converted from the dead protoplasm of the ox, into the living protoplasm in man, and should the man be drowned, and his body be devoured by the crustacea, it would then be converted in protoplasm of a living crab or lobster. In the lowest plants and animals a single mass of this protoplasm may constitute the whole plant or animal.

A nucleated mass of protoplasm contains a cell which is capable of dividing and subdividing until it forms a structural unit, the body of a plant, animal or man. Corpuscles die and become distended into a round mass in the midst of which is seen a smaller spherical body which existed, but is again hidden in the living corpuscle, and is called its nucleus. Corpuscles of similar structure are to be found in the skin, in the lining of the mouth, and scattered through the whole framework of the body. The earliest condition of the human organism is in that state in which it has just become distinguishable from the white of an egg, in which it rises; it is nothing but an aggregation of corpuscles. Protoplasm may exist with or without a nucleus, a simple cell, a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle found in the microscopic fungus, and it finds space and duration to multiply into countless millions, even in the body of a living fly.

It gives to us our green foliage, and luxuriant flowers and fruits, and it builds up the giant sequoia of California, and it covers the earth with verdure, and the ponds with green scum. From a gelatinous speck, multitudes of which might dance upon the point of a needle, and from it the largest trees and animals are evolved. At the end of each hair of the nettle there lies a spheroidal nucleus imbedded in protoplasm. On a careful examination of the whole structure of the nettle it is found to be made up of a repetition of such masses of nucleated protoplasm; each contained in a wooden case, which is modified in form, sometimes in a wooden fibre, sometimes in a pollen, grain, or an ovule; traced back into the earliest state, the nettle rises as a man does in a particle of nucleated protoplasm. In the earliest plants, as well as in the lowest animals, a single mass of such protoplasm may constitute the whole plant or animal. Currents are driven through channels in the protoplasm which take certain directions and routes, up one side of a hair and down the other. The cause of these currents seem to lie in the contractions of the protoplasm, which bounds the channels in their flow, but which are so minute that the best microscope shows its effect, and not the thing itself.

The wonderful silence in the energies imprisoned in the vegetable cells of a tropical forest at noonday is only due to the dullness of our hearing, "and," says Prof. Huxley, "could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in innumerable myriads of living cells, which constitute each tree, we would be stunned as by the roar of a mighty city." Plants absorb the carbonic acid gas, and give off the oxygen which the animals consume, and so there is a constant change going on between the vegetable and animal life.

Physical life is only manifested in matter, and, so far as we know, it breaks up in consequence of that continual death which is the condition of its manifesting vitality in carbonic acid, water and ammonia, which certainly possesses no properties but those of ordinary matter, and out of these same forms of ordinary matter, and from none more, which are simpler, the world builds up all the protoplasm which keeps it going. Plants are the accumulators of the power which animals distribute and disburse. The lowest form of plant or animalcule feeds, grows, and produces its kind. In addition, all animals manifest those transitory forms which we class under irritability and contractility; and it is more than probable that when the vegetable world is thoroughly explored, we shall find all the plants in possession of the same powers, at one time or other of their existence. The flower that a girl may wear in her hair, and the blood that courses through her veins, the sap in the mighty oak which causes it to bloom and bear acorns, the nourishment that gives the whale strength to swim through the mighty waves of the ocean, are all the products of protoplasm. In the formless, mucus-like mass of protoplasm the bacaria, monera, and amaboe, the sarcodae, etc., have their beginning; in it is developed the cell, the dawn of animal life, and these cells enter into the physiological and psychological relations that form the human body which develops the mind.

The magnetic aura, or life principle, that animates nature, comes, as it were, a force, from the center of universal life, and produces itself, and reproduces, as it has the power to do, whenever the conditions of matter are in a proper condition for it to manifest itself in a physical form, whether it be in the heart of a flower or the creative germ of man. It has for its object creation, expansion, evolution. It goes on increasing and demanding of nature all the help it can afford, until it has exhausted all that nature can give.

Whenever the conditions of matter are ready for the transformation of the germ into apparent forms of life, the fulminating power of magnetic life, makes itself manifest; wherever there is heat, light, moisture and earth, life in some form is always found to exist. While life is uncertain and hard to explain, yet it is produced and departs by natural laws, and it is not more strange than the growth of a plant from a cell, or a tree from an acorn.

"All life in its higher forms came from the egg," says Agassiz, "which is either oviparous or viviparous." One is hatched internally, and the other is hatched ex-

ternally by heat. It is our ignorance of the law of genesis that creates the mystery, like the law of attraction of gravity, which binds and holds the sun and stars in their places. The tendency of everything to fall to earth, when it once loses its equilibrium, was not understood until Newton established the theory of gravitation, which enabled him to calculate the weight of planets, and their effect on the solar system. The theory of evolution was not understood until Darwin established the law of "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest."

There appear to be four stages of development,—sensation, instinct, intuition, and reason. At what period the line of accountability is passed, and the individual becomes crystallized into a rational being possessing an immortal soul, no one is able to determine. But the spirit body must have attained a condition freed from the grosser emanations and auras which go into and form a spiritual being. Then the spirit begins to see from the soul center which constitutes true intuition or discernment.

Conscience or consciousness is the basis of intuition—a guide exerted by the soul. Both instinct and reason is the soul acting on or through brain matter. While the former appears to be the spontaneous action of the soul, the latter, the slow analyzing of facts and judging from cause and effect, compared by the remembrance of similar circumstances, weighed and balanced, which is called reason, which appears to mark the great channel between the brute and man.

The mind is only the intelligence of the soul, acting on or through the brain, which constitutes reason. The increased activity of the soul power grows in strength, as the physical life evolves from the lower to the higher. So all intelligence comes to us through the brain, and is made manifest to the physical senses.

Matter is an acknowledged entity. Mind is considered an independent entity. We do not know how the natural refractions of the eye are connected with the mental sensation of seeing; nor how the will determines and operates in bringing about the motion of the muscles. In vain we look for the boundary line. We can see the bone, muscle, and tissues, but the mind is like the rainbow, pursued by the boy to find the bag of gold, at the end where the arch rests upon the earth. Still the rainbow is no delusion. It is a thing that really exists, and all the beautiful colors are produced by the refraction of a ray of light passing through drops of falling rain.

Hamilton, in his lecture on metaphysics, says: "We can not locate the mind without clothing it with the attributes of expansion and place." We have no right to limit it to any part of the organism, and to study the mind it must be looked at physically and mentally, for it depends on the brain, which is the center of sensation, to give it expression. The brain is furnished with a proper kind of matter for fabricating the ideas of the senses, and to the gray matter in the brain is attributed its activity, and power to eliminate intelligence. The brain acts as a battery out of which thought is fabricated, and it makes man a reasoning, thinking animal.

Prof. Bain, in his interesting work on "The Mind and Body," traces the mind to nucleated nerve cells. Every nerve ends in a corpuscle, which, crossing form a network of little batteries all over the body, which are connected with the brain, which is the great nerve center. Over these distinct nerves, the currents are connected with each separate sensation, idea, emotion, or other conscious state. This vast number of fibres and cells is demonstrably present in the brain; the separate embodiment of every separate impression and idea would seem impracticable; but in some way or somehow each occurrence is registered, to be called up, when desired, by the will.

Every finite intelligence must be conditional in time and in space; therefore it must have an organ of memory, and a power of varied action; consequently, it must be associated with a physical organism, recognizing the world as it is known at present, which is made up of material molecules; so the spiritual body must be enveloped in a refined capsule of matter, not visible to the physical senses.

We can think of matter only in terms of mind; nor can we think of mind only in terms that relate to matter. So closely

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## Life, Spirit, Matter.

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are we related to the material world. We find it difficult to comprehend anything that is not related to matter of a physical nature. How a mind can exist independent of matter is something beyond our comprehension. It must therefore have a body, and that body must have a habitat, where it can meet kindred minds or spirits. It can not float about void of form or substance.

"When we trace the evolution," says Herbert Spencer, "of the living organism, from the simplest form up to the most complex, we find the evolution of mind proceeds *pari passum* with it, following the same laws, and passing through the same stages, evolution being expressed as a continued building up with the same elements and material, from the lower to the higher forms of life.

Light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, and many other forms of force, penetrate fully or partially the organic and inorganic bodies which are usually perceptible to the senses; i. e., one kind of matter penetrates another, and therefore occupies the same place, like a ray of light passing through a transparent vessel of water.

Herbert Spencer, in his discourse on "Progress—Its Law and Cause," lays down this rule: "Every active force produces more than one effect; every cause produces more than one effect; so everything is producing different forces and different forms, and all these forms and forces appear to be directed by a law to develop higher forms of life with higher intelligence."

Matter may have a physical form or body. It may exist in gases and in ether. "Matter," says Aristotle, "is the material out of which all forms are made." Every variety of matter has its appropriate form, and each variety of form its appropriate matter. There are gradations in matter, from the first matter (*materia prima*), which has no form at all, to the highest development, which approaches near to a pure form; so every individual substance is first determined by its form, second by the matter which composes the form, and the third is the compound of the other two.

Something immaterial will no more become material, than something material can become immaterial. The spirit, with all its parts, must therefore be matter imperceptible to the senses, so that it may act upon the brain, as well as the latter upon the spirit. This spirit matter can not be perceived by the senses and exhibited by everyone; but this does not disprove the truth of our assertion, for the power of perception differs in different persons. Some are color blind; some can not comprehend mathematics; some can not perceive the psychic force; therefore they are materialists.

Matter is all that exists, and constitutes all possible forms and combinations which compose the universe, whether perceptible or imperceptible to the senses. Matter and its elements is a compound of matter and force. Matter can not exist without force, nor force without matter. Each is indispensable and inseparable; one the cause and effect of the other. All changes are either physical, physiological, or psychical, and they are continually acting upon each other, and producing changes.

These elements and these forces have always existed, and move according to their respective laws. Being always contiguous, they produce incessant motion of the atoms, which causes them to combine and separate; which force is called molecular attraction and molecular repulsion. These different combinations of the elements form, and unite, and build up the mineral, the vegetable, and animal kingdoms. Every atom knows its affinity; while some minerals will combine, others will separate and dissolve. The chemist has learned these laws, and used them to extract and separate minerals.

In the plant, the life force moves the physical elements and matter against the laws of gravitation, and pushes the plant or tree upward. When the physical dissolves and combines and unites with the physiological force, it produces and fashions matter into animal and human life. In the latter a motion may be observed which does not refer to life, which produces a psychic cause and a psychic effect, producing mind capable of thinking and reasoning. In plants, the life force, combined with life matter, predominates over physical matter and its physical force; whilst in animal and man the psychic force masters the physiological and physical forces. In plants, the plasma physicum, with its life force, uses the plasma physical with its physical force for its purposes. In animal and man, the plasma physicum, with its spirit force, uses both the plasma physicum and plasma physical, with their forces, for its purposes, to build up higher forms, which are capable of surviving the dissolution of the physical body; which is capable of existing in the ether, which is a more refined element than land, water, or air, all of which team with life in different forms and in different conditions.

The higher the development a body has attained, the greater the number of original spirit organs, and the more perfectly they are developed, the more active and powerful the spirit body will become, until in man it finally acquires a self dependence and self consciousness, and self determination, which enables him to combat the external influence of dissolution, and gain for itself an eternal individual existence.

The spirit, or more properly speaking,

a spirit body, has its origin in matter, and is developed out of the physical body, which continues after it is separated from the physical body. It still retains its form and expression, like the mold in which it was cast.

Socrates says that if one has been flogged before death, the spirit body will have the same stripes on it that marked the flesh body. Indeed, the spirit is self-registering, and carries with it a full record of its earthly life, which is indelibly written. There it must remain, until the wrong is forgiven or atoned for, by doing good deeds, which stand as credit marks in its favor.

The life body and the spirit body, in their union, are composed essentially of different kinds of matter and forces, and the generation of the one by the other. Some of the nourishment taken into the stomach goes to build up muscle, tissue, and bone; the more refined part goes to make brain and the spirit body.

The propagation of the spirit body is by a germ, in which spirit and matter are united, as in the generating parental body, constituting a natural process of the uniform generation throughout the universe. The germ of the spirit, as well as the germ of the body, must pass from the ancestor to the descendants. Under favorable circumstances it will improve, while under unfavorable circumstances retrogression takes place. It would be a *lapsus mentis* to suppose that a spirit which has attained its maturity, individually, would become more perfect by a repeated incarnation—a supposition which would practically amount to the natural assertion that in the normal state of things a perfect spirit could manifest itself through an imperfect body.

The spirit is capable of a higher development, therefore there is no necessity for re-incarnation. The spirit body permeates the life body completely, and it may be proper to assume that a portion of the spirit body mingled with the germ from which the child is formed, for the child is essentially similar to the parents, both in body and mind; but the environment not being the same, no two are alike, not even two blades of grass.

The spirit force in nature is always struggling to make all things more perfect, and it assists and aids the laws of "natural selection," and "the survival of the fittest;" it is the power back of all things pushing up all things to perfection; beauty being the standard of perfection, therefore we all love the beautiful.

The spirit body, like the life body, is an individual which has gradually acquired an existence through the natural relations of the physical body. On attaining the faculty to preserve itself, it will continue to exist forever; but if not, it will fall back into the inorganic world to be taken up and worked over under more favorable circumstances. The spirit body avails itself of the life body until it has completely used it up, which then dissolves in conformity with the physical physiological laws, whilst the spirit, freed from the life body by which it is impeded, enters upon an independent and higher development, being secured by its nature against chemico-physical influence and exposures, or, in other words, it is capable of maintaining itself forever.

Nature everywhere always teaches plainly and unequivocally what is good, beautiful and wise, and every stone, plant and animal can teach us as much as Zoroaster, Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Moses, Christ, Kepler, Newton, Humboldt, Goethe, Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley. For it is man only who teaches, thinks, and acts contrary to nature, when he seeks to explain the cause of natural phenomena outside of nature.

The incarnation of the soul into the flesh is only to become acquainted with a material existence, to experience pain, toil, and suffering; for if we were never hungry, we could not appreciate the pleasure of eating a good dinner; if we never felt the pain and suffering, we could not really appreciate an existence where they did not exist.

The soul, individualized or transformed from universal soul into a self conscious immortal and independent life condition, or life entity; and as such we recognize it as a perfect being, able to act in a physical form. When it leaves the earth body, it can go to a better, higher, purer, and happier region, sphere, or condition, wherever it may be located. Like smoke it will rise to its own density, until it finds its proper place in nature's great domain.

Reason tells us that the spirit world is located away from the grosser conditions of the surface of the earth, in a magnetic belt or zone that surrounds the planet's atmosphere in the more rarified ether. Here the spirits have their homes and habitations, similar to the ones they had on this earth, or such as their imagination can create. These belts or zones will continue to go on and increase, until all the spiritual matter is drawn out of the earth. Then it will become a dead world, like the moon; while the spirit world will continue to exist and hold its place in the ether. Here the mind has greater capabilities of expansion and enjoyment, for then it lives alone in the intellect, and its power and greatness is dependent on the knowledge that it has heretofore acquired. Here the spirit has reached a condition where it no longer feels the pressing wants of the physical, but lives in a more exalted state, with higher aspirations. Here the good and wise are appreciated, for they live alone in the intellect. Good deeds take the place of wealth and power, which is so much desired in this life. In this spiritual zone the spirit must remain,

until it can overcome the animalism of its nature, and free the mind of those desires which bind it to earth.

But when it has learned how to navigate the magnetic current that spreads throughout space, then it can reach other planets and stars, that dot the boundless space called the heavens, in which this solid-seeming universe may fade, but it brings us into a purer presence of things that are unseen to the physical eye.

In this solar ether, we have all the essences of all things that appear in the physical world. On it we are dependent for the life we breathe. From it the mind derives its thoughts. In it all intelligence exists. At certain times, a peculiar line of thought sweeps over the country, like a tidal wave, and whole communities are moved by it, and all life on this planet is subject to its influences and changes; for we are but little atoms, floating in the great ocean of life, acted upon by causes unknown to us.

There exists in this ether a frictionless fluid which fills all space, and offers no resistance to a change in the shape of anything; it is so elastic that the slightest possible distortion produced by the vibration of a single atom sends a shudder through it with inconceivable rapidity for billions and billions of miles away, and this shudder is the light through which we see all things, so that the difference between atoms of matter and ether is reduced to a mere difference in the size and arrangement of the component vortex-rings. A vortex-ring is made by the atoms; like smoke escaping from the chimney, the outside of the ring is kept by the friction, while the inside goes forward, which produces a rotary motion.

"To form an idea of the minuteness of the molecules of matter," says Sir William Thompson, "if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, it would appear coarser grained than a heap of small shot, and finer grained than a heap of cricket balls; so the number of molecules in a drop of water far transcends our power of conception; yet in that drop of water lives countless numbers of animals which can only be seen through the microscope."

All we know of matter is what we can see and feel which comes within the three dimensions, length, breadth and thickness, and anything that can not exist within it must be without form, size, or color; yet Prof. Zollner said that from his experiments there was evidence of things which did not come without those dimensions, and which no science could account for, and which was at variance with all the known laws of physical forces; he therefore placed it in the fourth dimension, or in the region of the unknowable. In dedicating his interesting book on "Transcendental Physics" to William Crookes, he says: "By a strange conjunction our scientific endeavors have met on the same field of light, and a new class of physical phenomena which proclaimed to astonish mankind, with the assurance no longer doubtful, the existence of another material and intelligence world."

The second ether of the fourth dimension may have the power to fashion and support and clothe the spiritual body. In the region of the unknowable exists all the spirits and spiritual matter which forms the spirit world that evolves around a spiritual sun governed by laws beyond the comprehension of mortal man.

The mathematical analysis made by Faraday and Helmholtz shows that ether, which is required to support the theory of light, is capable also of explaining magnetic and electric phenomena, and to it we must look for the explanation, the existence of spirits, and of the spirit world. We are indeed surrounded by mysteries, and find ourselves helpless amidst them; we are irresistibly prompted to seek an explanation of them. Science is the only gateway which teaches our ignorance, and how to elevate our nature, which pushes us on to higher aspirations and research, and to this occult psychic force science must turn its attention before it can make much progress in spiritual things and in spiritual philosophy.

**AN INTELLIGENT SHEEP.**—Several years ago, when I was at home with my father and mother, we had a very cunning sheep among a large flock. The intelligence of the sheep was shown in many ingenious trials, one of which I will mention:—Father had a large barn, and on one side was a shed in which we kept the sheep. In the side of the barn next to the shed there was a large oat-bin in which we had several hundred bushels of oats. At various times when we were not at the barn, we could hear a very perceptible noise—knock, knock, knock—in the shed. We did not pay any attention to it at first; but, as the strange knock, knock, knock, continued, we began to wonder what it could be. So we tried in various ways to find out, but failed in every attempt. One morning about four o'clock, father arose, and hearing the noise in rapid succession, set about to solve the mystery, and, to the satisfaction of all, succeeded. He walked very slowly and carefully to the barn, and stooped down and peeped under the door before the sheep were aware of it. He saw the sheep referred to, which had long horns, standing beside the oat-bin, with its tongue, in a spoon shape, placed underneath a knot-hole, while it would hammer the plank with its horn, and thus cause the oats to run out. On examination, we found it had poured out several bushels.—*Jno. B. Baker, in Central Christian Advocate.*

Solitude is the audience chamber of God.

Written for the Golden Gate.

## The Hidden Leaven.

BY LUCASIA OWEN.

Truth is silently working, even among crystallized orthodoxy, and presently the whole will be leavened. Those who have not read John Fiske's "Destiny of Man," and its twin volume, "The Idea of God," will then find food for thought worth the seeking. Perhaps a few direct quotations may give some idea of its value. Speaking of "throwing off our brute inheritance," he says:

"We have made more progress in intelligence than in kindness. For thousands of generations, and until very recent times, one of the chief occupations of man has been to plunder, bruise, and kill each other. The selfish and ugly passions which are primordial, which have the incalculable strength of inheritance, from the time when animal consciousness began, have had but little opportunity to grow weak from disease. The tender and unselfish feelings, which are the later product of evolution, have too seldom been allowed to grow strong from exercise."

The above quotation is a whole sermon. Again he says very truly, as all believers in Spiritualism know: "Though the free-thinker is no longer chained to the stake and burned, people still tell lies about him, and do their best to starve him by hurting his reputation."

His final summing up of the destiny of man is not dependent upon revelation:

"The Darwinian theory, properly understood, replaces as much teleology as it destroys. From the first dawning of life, we see all things working together toward one mighty goal—the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterize humanity. The body is cast aside, and returns to the dust of which it was made. The earth, so marvellously wrought to man's uses, will also be cast aside."

So small is the value nature sets upon the perishable forms of matter! The question, then, is reduced to this: Are man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? . . . Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child, who builds houses out of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down?"

Again, "The greatest philosopher of modern times, the master and teacher of all who shall study the process of evolution for many a day to come, holds that the conscious soul is not the product of a collocation of material particles, but is, in the deepest sense, a divine effluence. According to Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe, is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness."

Regarding his idea of God, he says, tersely: "The infinite and eternal power that is manifested in every pulsation of the universe, is none other than the living God."

As powerfully he expresses the position of mankind, when he says: "Humanity is not a mere local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. Practically, there is a purpose in the world, whereof it is our highest duty to learn the lesson, however well or ill we may fare in rendering a scientific account of it. When from the dawn of life we see all things working together toward the evolution of the highest spiritual attributes of man, we know, however the words may stumble in which we try to say it, that God is, in the deepest sense, a moral being."

To me the wonder is to hear those who call themselves Spiritualists deny a self-conscious Cause. Since individuality is our most precious possession, the one highest rated, how can we logically deny it to our Superior? Forms are varied and fleeting, and we must not confound personality with individuality. Individual presentation is personification; but may not the essence of all hold an infinite self-consciousness, by which "even the very hairs of our heads are numbered?"

## An Appreciative Reader.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I inclose a few lines, that came to me as I held the GOLDEN GATE, while thinking of the many good things contained therein, of the soul nourishment I have received through its columns. The editorials are especially stirring. Long may it live to lift the sick and weary ones of life to brighter and loftier thoughts.

I send the lines as they came to me. They may not be worthy of a corner in your paper, but I send them by request.

Respectfully yours,

LUCY A. WRIGHT.

SANTA BARBARA, August 9, 1888.

ACROSTIC.

Glorious emblem of eternal truth,  
Oh, may thy page in lustrous beauty shroud  
Lighting the lonely paths of age and youth,  
Dipping thy pen in mysteries divine,  
Ever on thy wings, the purest thought I read,  
Naught dost thou deign to sow but choicest seed.

Gate way to the home beyond the grave,  
Around thy pages hover angels pure,  
Teaching earth's children the true way to live,  
Each one to bear, and patiently endure.

There is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not

by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## "What is the Use of Spiritualism?"

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

This question is so often asked, with varying answers, that a little personal experience in the matter may help furnish an answer to some person desiring one:

I know a young lady who, being in wretched health, troubled with nervous prostration and serious chronic complaints, producing intense headaches, lost a very dear friend, and suffered greatly till she was converted to Spiritualism, by manifestations to herself. Not long ago I received a letter from her, asking if I could furnish her any proofs of materialization,—a phase of Spiritualism which she had never been able to investigate, owing to her practically bed-ridden condition. In the letter she explained her unhappy physical condition, and I, thinking that it might color her views and make her more or less morbid, wrote to her under that belief, and received an answer, from which I extract the following as pertinent to the question at the head of this article. She wrote:

"I see I took it too much for granted that you would understand that my case is one of unusual great joy. No spirit controls me or seeks to control me at all, but is simply with me to comfort and treat me; and I bear all my pain with the joy and hope that I will the sooner see this friend in the spirit world, whom I worship. When my friend died, over four years ago, I was in (before his death), a state of broken health and nervous prostration, and his death was an absolute blow, beyond all power of my telling. It was I, myself, that got into the spirit world. No one troubled me. My agony at the loss of my friend developed me. And such rapid development, in such a broken condition of health, was the cause, I suppose, of my loss of reason for a few days. But what of it? I got in! I have my friend, and I am glad to pay a high price."

"I am trying continually to stand and walk a little, and I shall do all I can to get well, except to wish to get well. That I cannot do, as my present interest is to be with my friend in the spirit world. I thought you, who know the perfect reality of the spirit world, would understand that the change would be no loss to me. I feel I have just as much right to wish it as I would have to wish to be in England, if my greater interest was there. You see, those about me pity me, and act as if I were going to die,—you know the old idea of dying,—and I thought you would look on the joyful side with me. If I told you how sick and weak I was, it was only putting before you my great hope that it may, after awhile, take me to the new land. Why will you not see that I am overcome with joy?"

"They help me all the time, with work on my head; and my only fear is that they will get me well. Perhaps you are right in your impression about my getting well. If so, you may count on my cheerfulness and keen interest in all that is going on. But beneath it all, I should be only waiting, and take any kind of decreased strength with eager joy."

"I feel that I have just commenced to live, and why my joy has not got into my pen and ink to you, is more than I can tell. There is so much said about the trouble coming by mixing with Spiritualism and development, that, as I was too sick to write everything, and took too much for granted with a lover of the new world, I suppose you were thinking more of that side of it, and full of anxiety to take me out of trouble, if I were in it."

"On the surface of things my life seems ruined by Spiritualism; but the real fact is, I owe a boundless debt to it. My experience is only known to two or three friends, and they have grown to see it as I do. That is, although not Spiritualists, they see that I am more than capable of bearing my suffering; and I cheer them, instead of their cheering me. If you knew me you would realize that I am only reaching out for one to be glad with me, and not think it is unfortunate to die. I carry my joy alone, because no one understands,—that is all. There is not a morbid streak in me, and my desire to go is only a healthy, eager longing to be with one I worship. Of course, few would understand that, as love is rare."

"And what is more strange still,—would be to most people—is, that the one who died was not a lover, but a grand old man. You have seen the little boys chase and follow after a band in the street; have you not? Well, those little boys don't expect to buy out the band or take it home. I am like the little boys; and my friend I follow, as they follow after the music they love. There is a kind of worship I find different and greater than what is ordinarily known as love. I do so hope that you will stop thinking me in trouble, and know that I am only short of friends who know the reality of the other world, and so be able to see how rich I am. I want to tell you that my friends envy me my cheerfulness, although they do not see all I see. I do hope you will understand."

Such is an excerpt of the letter to which I refer, and it seems to me to answer the question pretty well. Spiritualism has been of a great deal of use to one person at least; and when she does go to the other world, her friends have no need to wear mourning for her.



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## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

Who would not rather pass on to the other life  
in a flash of glory, by making his last act some  
crowning impulse of grandeur and divine self-ab-  
negation, than die with coffers distended with  
unwed wealth, to corrupt ungrateful heirs, and  
fill the heart of the owner with sadness in the  
Infinite Beyond.

The man who sees only the good there is in his  
fellow beings, making no note of their weak-  
nesses or failings, may be deceived and wronged  
many times and in many ways—he may die in  
poverty, unhonored and unknown,—yet we  
would like to be in his place when he wakes in  
the morning of his resurrection to life eternal in  
the spirit world.

The plowshare that remains inactive in the  
soil becomes corroded with rust. So is it with  
the spirit that rests inactive in the soil of the  
world's needs. We can grow and keep the spirit  
bright only by constant use of our faculties. It  
is not well to become corroded in our sympathies  
or charities, for thus we die before our time.  
There are too many dead people in the world—  
dead in all save the mere breath of life—waiting  
to be buried.

Is it not fair, ye who scold us for not seeing  
with your eyes, and believing in the genuineness  
of certain alleged mediums for the psychic form,  
that said mediums, or their guides, shall demon-  
strate their genuineness to us, before insisting  
that this journal shall uphold and defend them?  
If there were no question as to their honesty,  
the case would be different; but the fact is where  
one believes and defends, ten will oppose and  
deny; and so our columns are kept—or would be  
if we permitted it—in a chronic condition of  
"it is, and it isn't," and to what end, pray, ex-  
cept to breed strife?

What spirit, manifesting through mortal me-  
diumpship, ever taught other doctrine than that  
embodied in the Golden Rule? There are those,  
it is true, who sometimes come to us, bringing  
back a bad earthly condition—spirits who have  
not yet learned the better way—but by kindness  
and good advice they are generally found to be  
yielding and submissive to the divine law of un-  
foldment, and are soon made to recognize their  
relationship to the Infinite Spirit. All spirits  
who are allowed to come to us as teachers, invari-  
ably hold up to us the highest standards of  
morality. They teach purity of life and conduct,  
and endeavor in all possible ways to lead us up-  
ward into the light of all goodness and truth.

Now that the public materializing seance, in  
this city, has been relegated to the realm of pri-  
vate life, where it properly belongs, at least until  
it can produce the forms under conditions that  
will make confederacy and deception impossible,  
we hope and trust that peace may again return  
to our disturbed borders. Genuineness in me-  
diumpship for this phase is almost, if not quite,  
impossible, in presence of suspicious skepticism,  
or where, as a commercial transaction, the great-  
est measure of success depends upon the greatest  
number of solid forms produced. The time has  
come to lift materialization out of the slums,  
and make it respectable. This can never be done  
where the phenomenon is open to suspicion of  
all manner of deception.

A kind mother, a lavish and bounteous friend,  
is this old, old earth of ours. She spreads out  
her banquet of rare viands and luscious fruits,  
she unlocks her treasures of gold and silver, and  
precious stones, and invites man to draw near  
and help himself. She wafts his ships across  
mighty wastes of sea, with the magic of her  
breath, pointing the way they should go with a  
spirit wand; she lends him the couriers of the  
skies for his messengers; she gives him, in brief,  
unintended of herself—of the melody of her  
birds and brooks, of the beauty and fragrance of  
her flowers, of the grandeur of her starry nights,  
—and when at last, like a child wearied with its  
play, he would seek for rest, she takes him in  
her loving arms and cuddles him to sleep upon  
her bosom.

The seance for spiritual communion should be  
sacred to the purest thoughts and the highest as-  
pirations of the soul. Every member of the  
circle should draw near as to an altar dedicated  
to the living God. Not that one should enter  
into this holy of holies with a long visage, or a  
hairst draped in black; but one should draw near  
in the sweet passivity of a cheerful spirit, bright  
with the sunshine of hope and joy. It is thus  
that the good angels can draw nearest to our  
hearts, and both mortal and spirit receive a hap-  
piness of the divine life.

It is never a disgrace, however humiliating it  
may be, to be deceived. The more honest one is  
himself, the more honest he is apt to see in his  
fellows. Hence, those good, honest Spiritualists  
who have witnessed the cruel deceptions prac-  
ticed in public materializing circles, mixed up, it  
may be, with here and there a few grains of  
truth, are not to be blamed. They can hardly  
be made to realize that men and women, whom  
they have long known and esteemed, could so  
dishonor themselves as to trifle with such sacred  
things. The psychic form is all the more beau-  
tiful when produced in the atmosphere and har-  
mony of the home circle. There let it remain  
for the present.

## THE EVIL DAYS.

Surely the evil days have come to our beau-  
tiful Spiritualism. The clouds have gathered  
thick between us and the sun, and there is  
mourning in the hearts of many because he  
shineth not.

These are the times predicted by many seers—  
the times when the united powers of darkness,  
on both the mortal and the spirit side of life,  
should move down upon us a mighty host to  
crush out the cause that has brought such com-  
fort to multitudes of sorrowing hearts, and at  
the same time wrought such commotion in the  
citadels of the old religious faiths. The pulpit  
and the press have opened their batteries upon it;  
secularism has turned loose its dogs of war; and  
greater than all those, Spiritualists themselves,  
moved upon, as it were, by the powers of dark-  
ness,—in their bitter and unprofitable wranglings,  
their criminations, their unkindness and back-  
bitings,—have thrown open the gateway to  
their citadel, and invited the enemy to enter in.

No true Spiritualist is in the least dismayed at  
the nature or extent of the obstacles now cumber-  
ing the way to the advancement of our holy  
cause, knowing, as he does, that the truth,  
wheron his spiritual temple is builded, is as  
secure as the foundations of the universe. He  
can only sorrow that there is so little true spiri-  
tualism among those claiming to be Spiritualists,  
and that the cup of joy coming from a knowledge  
of a life to come, and the intercommunion of the  
two worlds, by this strife and inharmony, is  
dashed from the lips of thousands of investigators  
of our facts. They become discouraged at the  
very threshold of their newly awakened interest,  
and turn away with feelings of regret, if not of  
disgust.

Is it not well, in view of this unhappy and  
badly mixed condition of things, that Spiritual-  
ists should pause, "take account of stock," and  
see just how and where we stand? If we do so,  
we apprehend there are not many who will fail  
to see that we are living too much on the ma-  
terial plane—are making too little headway in  
the unfoldment of our lives in the direction of  
the higher life of the spirit. Our Spiritualism is  
too much of "the earth earthy." Beyond the  
sensitive evidence of our facts we do not seem  
disposed to go. Here we rest, in fancied secu-  
rity from the orthodox "wrath to come," when  
we ought to be building our temple to the skies.

We would urge all workers in the cause to  
stand firm and never falter. What though the  
night be dark, light cometh with the morrow.  
Let us be true to ourselves, living close to the  
heart of the All-Good, and soon the hand of  
Infinite Love will lead us forth into the land of  
sunshine and delight.

INSPIRATION.—A lady will appear before the  
public at Metropolitan Temple, on Monday  
evening next, as an inspirational pianist and  
vocalist, who claims to be inspired by the spirit  
of "Franz Liszt." What makes the case par-  
ticularly marvelous is that previous to this spiri-  
tual influence she never, she says, sang a note,  
and had always been told that she had no voice.  
Her knowledge of music included only the rudiments  
of piano playing, as a prominent professor  
of this city can testify. Until this inspiration  
came to her she had never been connected with  
anything spiritualistic. One evening while sitting  
near the piano, an irresistible influence took con-  
trol of her, and for three hours compelled her to  
execute the most difficult exercises, which were  
entirely beyond her limited knowledge of music.  
The next day, while going about her domestic  
duties, she involuntarily began to sing, which  
very naturally astonished her not a little. Since  
then she has received from the same source both  
vocal and instrumental instruction, without one  
note of written music entirely inspirational.  
She now plays, it is said, the much admired music  
of the incomparable Franz Liszt, with his peculiar  
use of the peddle.

—An interesting letter from Our Onset Corre-  
spondent came to hand too late for this week.

## LOOK UPWARD.

All those things, states and possessions that  
mortals desire and aim for, are obtainable by  
one means or another; the means is what we  
should first consider, for that is what is to  
determine the happiness or unhappiness they  
may bring. In our pursuit we do not always  
stop to consider that the good we desire might  
turn to ill account after all if it is not obtained  
by the strictest integrity, and the outgrowth of  
honest toil and perseverance. We should not  
envy the riches of another that has been won by  
fraud and oppression; nor that power that has  
been bought or begged. We should not mourn  
over disappointments that could have been turned  
into successes only by flattery.

If no gracious hand presses yours, know that  
it is for no demerit in yourself, but rather for the  
lack of those outward things the world worships,  
but only for a day. There is a self virtue that  
may form a finer garment than any ermine or  
purple that ever enrobed a king. Riches can  
not bring it, nor destroy it—this is the real  
character you are forming from day to day, in  
spite of what the world around you may think  
or say. It is blind, and judges only by externals.  
It cares not for your striving nor your true  
growth. It will do one thing—it will cherish  
your mistakes and false steps, and never fail  
to remind you of them so long as you walk in the  
shadow of honest adversity.

One thing we may all be—better than the  
world judges us. If we are deceived by false  
friends, it is hard to bear, but we shall find it  
less hard in the end than if we had been the de-  
ceiver.

We must look above and implore that strength  
and love that comes from those who read our  
hearts and lives as open books, and whose charity  
and wisdom is boundless, like the spheres they  
inhabit.

## PROTECT THEM.

Along with our civilization there goes a certain  
and necessary amount of destruction, but it is  
very small indeed compared with that which is  
unnecessary and wanton; and this latter, so far  
from being a part of civilization, is a direct agent  
to its near destruction. In nothing is this so  
painfully noticeable as in the thoughtless denuda-  
tion of our hills and mountains.

The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise says that when  
the whites first went into Como district, the  
Palmyra Mountains were covered with a splendid  
growth of nut-pine trees—the great nut-pine or-  
chard of the Pivets. The red children of the  
wilder loved the grove of pines, and when the  
white men came into it with their axes, old  
Captain Truckee, with tears in his eyes, pro-  
tested against the destruction. It was swept  
away, however, and even the tree stumps were  
dug up and hauled away.

It is said that a sparse growth of young pines  
is now springing up all over these mountains,  
which here and elsewhere should be protected, if  
the mountain tops are ever to be covered with  
rain attracting foliage.

Our State Forestry Association is doubtless  
doing a good work, but its attentions seems to  
be more given to the planting of trees than to  
the protection of those of Nature's planting, and  
which she will herself take care if only per-  
mitted. Trees are man's best friends, and very  
much akin to his own are their vicissitudes.  
They are companionable, speaking in many ways  
to the mind, heart and soul. They adapt them-  
selves to the changeful year, but ever renew  
their brightness and gaiety for man's pleasure,  
comfort and support.

Any one of them may be a life-long companion  
to us; many of them live on through centuries  
and ages, and their stately dignity speaks of  
wisdom that vandal man does not think of when  
he finally strikes the cruel ax into their mighty  
trunks. He does not heed their pitiful voices  
above, speaking such eloquence as he would not  
understand.

## MEMORIES.

The year is already past its prime, and signs of  
decay are first visible in its growing drowsiness.  
It is getting somber and quiet, listening again to  
the old songs at nightfall, so old, and yet so  
sweet and enchanting, that the bustle and show  
of the brightest year is at last hushed and put  
aside for those quaint serenaders that only come  
when the year is going and pretty well on the  
way. Perhaps they think—these little gray and  
brown songsters—that their rather melancholy  
notes would not be in keeping with the green  
earth and bright flowers, that steal away all  
thoughts of death and gloom.

At least, the songs we hear in the garden these  
August nights are in harmony with the aspect of  
the changing landscape and the gray mist on the  
distant hills, and could not have caught our at-  
tention so readily had they come in brighter days.

Every color, every form, every odor, and  
every sound, is a memory—aye, many memories  
—but we think around none cluster so many as  
are awakened by these sounds that come in the  
evenings of the waning year. They go back to  
our earliest recollections, carrying us from place  
to place, from the old to new associations, from  
old to new friends, from old to new scenes, from  
gladness to sorrow, from sorrow to gladness,—  
yet they never change.

Who does not love a thing so constant, even  
though it be a death song? The changeless song  
we hear in the gardens to-night is ever the dirge  
to some departing soul from the shores of time.  
We shall hear it still when our last beloved kin-  
dred and friend lies beneath the dead leaves from

whence it comes. Others will hear it when we  
are gone, and may it recall our memory as ten-  
dently as it now recalls others to us.

## "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

Prof. Davidson hints at great disclosures soon  
to be made of the revelations had already through  
the great glass on Mt. Hamilton. He says, "I  
tell you it will astonish the astronomical world  
as much as any other else. Some of the discov-  
eries made are in fact so novel that Prof.  
Holden and his corps of assistants are really  
"timid about announcing them to the world,  
"until they are really satisfied that they do exist,  
"and are not illusions of some sort. Important  
"discoveries have been made in all of the de-  
"partments—nebulae, double stars, planets, etc.,  
"and questions which have been subjects of  
"doubt and speculation for generations, have  
"been entirely accounted for, and put at rest."

The most interesting astronomical question to  
the world (astronomers excepted) is the one re-  
lating to the inhabitants of the shining worlds  
above us. Mars is the "bright, particular star,"  
to which all turn with questioning eye, and the  
only one whose life mystery we may ever hope to  
solve; and for this solution we all look to the  
great Lick Telescope, now searching the broad  
field of heaven.

To know that Mars is inhabited by intelligent  
and civilized beings, would give to us the same  
sense of companionship that a convoy gives the  
mariner on lonely and dangerous seas. It would  
not seem so solemn a thing to gaze out into space  
and feel that our poor, but beautiful earth is not  
afloat alone in the universe of worlds, tenantless  
and dead; that other eyes look out upon the  
silent grandeur and enchanting splendors of a  
midnight sky.

## PERHAPS.

So long as one puts his wealth into circulation,  
perhaps he should not be criticised for the man-  
ner in which it is done. And yet there is that  
about personal expenditure of abundant means,  
which does lead to comment and suggestion.

The story about the Prince of Wales' chronic  
indebtedness has come to be proverbial, and also  
to frequently convey the impression that the  
prospective King of England is somewhat  
pinched while waiting for his kingly revenues.  
But this idea is corrected from time to time by  
figures taken from royal documents, that many a  
tale unfold.

The regular allowance of the Prince is forty  
thousand pounds, by Parliament, which ought to  
be quite sufficient annual income for anyone who  
adds nothing to the necessary fund of the world's  
revenues, Prince or no Prince. To this may be  
added two thousand pounds, allowed yearly the  
Princess. Then the Prince has additional income  
of from sixty to seventy thousand pounds from  
the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, that stands  
as a birthright.

His income in all is about five hundred thou-  
sand dollars per annum, of which it is said he  
spends every penny without keeping out of debt.  
Let us be kind and believe that the Prince in-  
dulges a left-handed charity that his right hand  
knows naught of, for surely his presence bespeaks  
a man of sensibilities and keen perception. He  
is not ignorant of the source of his wealth when  
every paper and periodical in the land is sound-  
ing forth the woes of England's poor. Being a  
prince by title may often inspire the ambition to  
be one in heart and deed, and who can say that  
it does not, and has not all these long past years  
thus inspired the Prince of Wales, and yet keeps  
him poor?

## DON'T HURRY.

What is the use of all the fret and hurry we  
see around us? It does not better anything we  
do, while it positively injures us.

The world has been traveling through space at  
about the same rate for untold millions of years;  
it revolves round the sun in the same time for us  
as it did for our primal ancestors and our im-  
mediate predecessors, who accomplished a great deal  
in their way. Having no steam or electricity to  
vie with, was probably no disadvantage to them,  
since their mission was doubtless to establish  
the honor and power of human energy, un-  
assisted by science, which they certainly did.

All unmindfully, they were nursing the genius  
of invention that has converted the quiet and  
moderation of past generations into that bustling  
restlessness which marks us as a nation. Hasti-  
ness is a direct and certain waste of nervous en-  
ergy, and the sudden breaking down of the vital  
powers is coming to be a feature in the lives of  
more than one class. Very few men of middle  
life have strength enough now-a-days, to carry  
them through an emergency. "Nervous prostra-  
tion," in nine cases out of ten, is the result.

We have plenty of time for nothing. "Busi-  
ness," to which our lives are devoted, is put hur-  
riedly through the daily routine. We have no  
time to be cheerful; no time to devote to our  
meals; no time to sleep soundly; and no time for  
deliberate exercise and recreation. Now, what  
are we hurrying for?

There is but one answer, and each may give it  
for him- or herself. Is it not foolish to rush so  
blindly after one thing, in this, the first phase of  
our conscious existence? We ought to find such  
interest at every step of our earthly progress, as  
would hold us in the closest investigation, for  
every atom of matter is an embodied mystery,  
not to baffle, but to invite our scrutiny. If blind  
to all else, we must see that Old Mortality has  
trod the path before, and one day he will walk by  
our side and we shall not hurry.

—We hear excellent reports from that old and  
excellent medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney. She has  
engaged Odd Fellows Hall upon her return, when  
we may reasonably expect to see such crowds  
as have never been seen there before.

—"Stoddard's New Guide to Mediums and  
Mediumship," a valuable work to all persons seek-  
ing for mediumistic development, may be had at  
this office. Price, ten cents.

## J. J. MORSE'S WORK.

On Sunday morning last Mr. J. J. Morse's  
controls addressed a large audience in Grand  
Army Hall, San Jose, every available seat being  
occupied. The controls discoursed upon four  
subjects selected by the audience, and for an  
hour held all in rapt attention. Mr. Silcox, as  
Chairman, introduced Mr. Morse to the friends  
in a neat speech of welcome, which at once put  
audience and lecturer upon a friendly and frat-  
ernal footing, while the harmony of the meeting  
was still further promoted by the sweet singing  
of Miss Knowles, who also presided at the organ.  
At the close of the meeting the visitor was  
literally overwhelmed with kind attentions and  
compliments at the success of his controls.

In the evening Mr. Morse conducted his usual  
meeting at Washington Hall, in this city, the  
hall being crowded to its utmost capacity.

As Mrs. Ada Foye had been invited by Mr.  
Morse to hold her last public seance with him,  
his controls contented themselves with a brief  
address, commending Mrs. Foye for her long  
faithfulness, and encouraging her to proceed in  
the future work soon to open out before her,  
closing with an apt and powerful exhortation  
to Spiritualists in general as to their duties and  
work.

Mrs. Foye then took the platform, making a  
graceful little speech full of appreciation and  
thanks to her many friends, and assuring them  
that no matter where she was they would all  
hold an honored place in her affection and regard,  
and when she again returned to San Francisco it  
would be her great delight to meet them all  
again. Mrs. Foye then commenced her seance,  
as usual giving a large number of tests, many of  
a most striking and convincing nature.

Early in the evening Mrs. Lena Clark Cook  
presented Mrs. Foye and Mr. Morse each with a  
bouquet of exquisite flowers; and Mrs. Foye was  
also the recipient, from Mrs. Harry Wiggins, of a  
beautiful basket of flowers.

The vocal music was rendered by Miss Flo-  
rence Morse, who sang "Cleansing Fires," and  
Miss Feathers, who sang an excellent selection.  
Miss Crews improvised a piano solo upon a  
theme suggested by the audience.

Sunday next is the last meeting but one of the  
series, Mr. Morse, as he announced at the open-  
ing meeting, only having time for the months of  
July and August, which he has devoted to the  
course. Mr. Morse will occupy the platform,  
and the controls will lecture upon "Murder and  
Murderers, as seen by the Spirits." Miss Florence  
Morse will sing choice selections. Meeting com-  
mences at 8 P. M. sharp.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"C. C." San Jose.—An answer to your  
queries will appear in our next.

—Charles Welch will give free treatment, at  
Curtis Hall, Oakland, on Sunday evening next.

—The "Sisterhood of the Seven Links," No.  
1, will meet in their new hall on Twenty-first  
street (Castro street line) on Friday, September  
7th.

—The names of the slate-writing mediums re-  
ferred to by Mrs. E. V. Wilson in a recent letter  
to the GOLDEN GATE were "the Bangs Sisters,"  
and not "Berry Sisters," as printed.

—Mrs. M. J. Hendee, the pioneer psychome-  
trist, test and business medium, and electro  
magnetic healer, has removed to 1031 Mission  
street, between Sixth and Seventh. See card.

—Mrs. Ada Foye, that old, often-tried, and  
never-found-wanting, platform test medium, left  
yesterday on her eastern and European trip.  
Deal gently with her, ye fates, and bring her  
safely back to us!

—A money order for \$2.50 from San Jose, and  
another for \$1.25 from Suisun, reached us last  
week, enclosed in envelopes, with no directions  
or instructions of any kind; hence, we know not  
whom to give credit.

—A Princeton, Wis., correspondent writes:  
"Will you please favor me with the number of  
"July 28th of the GOLDEN GATE. I sent my  
"copy to a friend, but wish one for myself; the  
"papers are such gems of thought, I like to re-  
"read, and often wish I had several copies to  
"send away to friends."

—Mrs. E. M. Day, writing from San Diego  
county to renew her subscription for another  
year, says: "We are very much pleased with  
"the paper, and I will do all I can to increase  
"the circulation. Our greatest solace is reading  
"the GOLDEN GATE, and it is truly golden in  
"the best sense of the word."

—G. W. Kates and wife devoted the month of  
July at the Lookout Mountain Camp-Meeting.  
They held a grove meeting at Hicksville, Ohio,  
August 11th and 12th; thence to the Clinton,  
Iowa, Camp-Meeting, balance of the month.  
September and October will be devoted by them  
in the West. November in Pittsburg, Pa. Mr.  
Kates declined to longer serve the Lookout  
Mountain Camp as Secretary, preferring to give  
his entire time to lecturing. His wife is an  
excellent test medium, and they are doing a good  
work. Permanent address is Greenville, Darke  
county, Ohio.

—A few months ago, a notice appealing for  
help for a worthy brother in deep affliction ap-  
peared in our columns. We received in response  
to said appeal only five dollars, and that from an  
anonymous correspondent. We forwarded the  
money, and in due time received the following  
acknowledgement: "J. J. Owen, Dear Sir:—  
"Yours of 11th just received, enclosing five  
"dollars, for which accept my hearty thanks,  
"and may the good spirits ever be near and  
"around you, and those who have aided me in  
"my sore distress. I am getting much better  
"(thanks to the climate of Colorado), but am far  
"from strong yet. With many good wishes for  
"the welfare of all friends, I am, Respectfully,  
"Frank Martin, Russell, Colorado, July 24,  
"1888."



## OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

FIRST QUESTION.—MRS. HARRIS:—If his or her present body is only one of several embodiments through which he or she may have passed, or is now passing and yet to pass, what figure can or does "ancestry" cut in his or her make up, as commonly known on this earth plane?

SANTA CRUZ.

ANSWER.—Of course a soul attracted to a father and mother, with a strongly marked type or nationality, would naturally work out in the same line. Again, there are often peculiar birthmarks belonging to families, and sometimes showing up in several generations through the same law. Other things being equal, we expect parents who are intellectual, moral or scholarly to reflect themselves more or less in their children, not because they have created the natural tendency of the child, but because they have furnished the attraction, and through the law of reproduction of kind, national types are preserved; also family peculiarities perpetuated.

The souls which people a planet gradually group into family trees as life progresses. This is but a return with the wealth of experience and its resultant individualization to the soul relation. Souls embody in groups in their first expression. Between such there is natural sympathy and attraction, which doubtless acts throughout their earthly career, and would tend to preserve "ancestral" traits and types of form and features.

The law which we know as progress, and which is really due to the masculine element in creation, ever acts in harmony with the feminine element which preserves the progress gained, else there would be no stability in nature. "Ancestry cuts no arbitrary figure" to one "who knows," for he can intelligently direct his own ways, before "he knows" there is an everywhere-present God guiding him unconsciously into the Path.

SECOND QUESTION.—MRS. HARRIS:—If death makes no change in the nature of the person; if we shall find ourselves just where we were morally and spiritually before death; if the next world to us is to be one of effects of which this life is the cause, how can we be benefited by thoughts sent to us from the earth side of life? It is a pleasant thought, but I do not see how it can work.

RIVERSIDE.

ANSWER.—It seems quite clear to me that the birth into the next sphere can make no change in the mental, moral, or spiritual development of the individual. Still it must do away with the limitations which hold us here. But whatever dominates us at the time we pass the boundary of this material life, will lap over our spirit existence, and fix our attraction to our next birth. In the spirit existence doubtless we digest and assimilate the experience of our earth life. No thought sent to us can change that, for it is a thing of the past; it is a cause which must produce the effect. The law is inexorable.

But this we can do. Many, many spirits are held to the earth and in the border land, not because they are bad, but because they are in error of belief. This belief is such a reality to them, that it holds a power over them. Once show them the error, and they gladly move out of their bondage. To illustrate, even though our scientist, our philosopher, and our thinking people generally know that pain, like sound, smell, sight, and even feeling, is a sensation in mind, and not in body, still, we have so long located all these states in body, that it is difficult to think the truth of ourselves, and people go out of life in this error; and when they contact through sympathy those on the earth plane who are sensitive to their influence, much suffering results. Often the spirit is wholly unconscious of his power in this direction.

Mediums who personate going through death scenes are submitting to a great abuse of psychological power. If the personating spirit be really the one claimed, he should be taught better, for he is doing the medium and those who witness the thing a great harm, to say nothing of the injustice to himself. If spirit is One, then any spirit is contactable, if we can through aspiration come into thought relation to it. Through the same law of thought, we may reach those in error, both in earth life and across the borders, if we formulate our thought and send it out with a definite purpose. At the same time we of earth have a duty to ourselves in the matter of self-protection, and often we need protection against the unseen as well as the seen.

Then again, no thought of good intent going out can be lost. It must return to the projector in time, perhaps like bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days.

SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney,

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I consider it a great pleasure to speak of the wonderful powers of Mrs. J. J. Whitney as a platform test medium; also as a lady whose presence commands the respect of all who meet her. She came to us at Onset a stranger, and has won her way to the hearts of hundreds who have listened to the tests given in such a manner as to inspire every listener with the respect and reverence due to a phase of so much importance. The calm, dignified, and solemn manner, with illumined face, and graceful attitude and gestures, cause one to feel that surely we are in the presence of pure and holy angels. I can but feel that this good woman has been

chosen to aid substantially in the elevation of our divine philosophy to a higher plane, where all human beings can see and understand its real value.

Mrs. Whitney and her good husband will carry with them from "beautiful Onset" the sympathy and love of hundreds of true, noble men and women. Her tests were all recognized, and many a weary, sorrowing heart will ever bless her name. From the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast may she be able to scatter the blessings of her heaven-born gifts, and finally find in her California home the compensation of a well spent life. Such is the prayer of humanity's friend,

M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD.

ONSET, Mass., Aug. 4, 1888.

## Southern Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I wish you to state, in the next issue of the GOLDEN GATE, and indeed I am authorized to request this favor—that, during the month of October, a camp-meeting for Southern California will be held in the city of San Bernardino.

Here the Spiritualist society hold title to a large and pleasant lot of ground, with ample shade, an abundance of clear, pure, sparkling water, and a large and pleasant temple, of sufficient size to accommodate a large audience, and alongside room for a thousand more to be in hearing of lectures from the platform, and on the lot room for four rows of tents, two on each side the temple. In the culinary department there is a large cooking stove and fixtures, lots of dishes, etc.

We expect and intend to have a good time, and do the most good that ever was accomplished in the same length of time. This movement had its origin in the spirit world, it is said; and in the interest of a large class of good and true Spiritualists, who were unable to go to Oakland, because of the long distance and the light weight of their exchequer. But they are true and good souls.

An invitation of the most cordial character is hereby extended to all Spiritualists, liberalists, free-thinkers, Jews, Christians, and Pagans, no matter what they are called or call themselves, if they are in search of the light and the truth—let them come.

All such will please address the undersigned for full particulars, stating what they intend to do as to tents, entertainment, speaking, mediumship, etc. We shall get reduced rates on the roads, at the hotels, lodging-houses, etc. We have already the promise of good mediums and speakers. Address, without delay,

Dr. T. B. TAYLOR,

Pomona, Cal.

P. S.—All liberal papers please copy.

T. B. T.

## The "Mop Board" Business.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the certificate of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, published in last Saturday's GOLDEN GATE, they say: "Mr. Wanzer, in his statement last week in the letter of Mrs. Reynolds, failed to state that he had made a trap for Mrs. Reynolds, when they commenced at 1330 Howard street, which was changed to another place by him to suit Mrs. Hoffman, after Mrs. Reynolds left for San Diego."

Of course he failed to state it, because Mr. Wanzer is a truthful man, and assured me he never made such a statement to anybody. Mr. Wanzer further assured me that he stated to the editor of the GOLDEN GATE that he never made a trap for Mrs. Reynolds at that or any other house, and that she never requested him to do so, or talked to him about it.

The Society for Psychical Research shows its absolute ignorance of psychic chemistry and spirit philosophy, when it makes the proposition to give one hundred dollars to any medium to produce materialization under its supervision and prescribed conditions. It would be just as sensible to say to a professor of chemistry, Generate electricity with lead, iron, and vinegar, or such other chemicals as we will furnish.

Hoping you will publish this in justice to Mrs. Reynolds and hundreds of her friends, I am yours for truth and justice,

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13, 1888.

## MAGNETIC HEALING POWERS.

Dr. Jonathan Whipple is possessed of wonderful magnetic power for healing diseases. He became aware of this fact through friends calling on him for help when they were suffering. As they found relief through his hands, the news soon spread. People sought him on all hands to help the sick, and he performed some wonderful cures.

This power of healing is a natural one, and appeals to the judgment of all thinking people, for several reasons: first, it is always safe; then it never leaves injurious effects, and people being benefited are helped permanently, and naturally strengthened.

This power of healing is not confined to any sect or denomination, but has been practiced for all time by a few people, both in and out of the Church. If any persons need testimonials or personal witnesses, they can be found on application at the Henry House, Oakland, where Dr. Whipple has his office.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

## WONDERFUL SPIRIT HEALING.

STRAIGHTENING OUT AN OLD BENT SPINE, AND INSTANTLY HEALING AN INFIRM INVALID OF FIFTEEN YEARS STANDING.

The Daily Tribune, of Salt Lake City, contained the following remarkable accounts of Dr. MacLennan's wonderful cures in that city, during his recent visit there.

No one in Utah has ever created such universal favor and good among afflicted humanity as is being accomplished daily by Dr. J. D. MacLennan of San Francisco. Calling on the Doctor in regard to some almost incredulous cures recently performed by him, the reporter was politely referred to the parties who had undergone treatment for the true facts in each case.

MRS. ANN ALEXANDER,

Residing at No. 241 South, Fourth West street, had been reported entirely cured by Dr. MacLennan of a complicated disease of fifteen years' standing. A reporter called on the lady at her house, where she was found yesterday afternoon, busily at work.

"Mrs. Alexander, have you anything to relate concerning your sudden cure at the hands of Dr. MacLennan?"

"Oh, yes; I want everybody to know that the Doctor is the greatest mystery I ever met. Just sit down, and I will tell you all about my long sickness and sudden recovery. Some fifteen years ago, while crossing a railroad track in a lumber wagon, I received severe injuries, which have disabled me ever since from doing any physical labor. For weeks I have been confined to my bed, and only able to move with the aid of help. My spine was curved, and I had to walk stooped, with my hands on my sides. During all the past fifteen years I have suffered untold miseries, and no amount of care and medicine gave me any relief. On the 20th of this month, I managed to get out of bed, and on the afternoon of the day following I determined to go and consult Dr. MacLennan. My husband and daughter assisted me into a street-car, and after a great deal of exertion I managed to get up stairs into the Doctor's office, by the aid of my friends. After the Doctor had made an external application to the injured parts,

I FELT ENTIRELY CHANGED, and realized that every misplaced organ was going into its proper place by some mysterious means. The Doctor then told me that the work was accomplished and that I was healed. I at first doubted his word, when he told me to get out of the chair and walk the floor. With fear and doubt I gradually rose up, and to my astonishment I found that all pain had left me, and that I was perfectly well. I leaped with joy, and could scarcely refrain from worshipping so great a healer as Dr. MacLennan. Yes, sir, you can just tell your readers that Dr. MacLennan cured me of an infirmity I had suffered with for fifteen years, and I want all afflicted ones to go and see him for themselves. I am now fifty-eight years of age, and feel as though I could do the work of two women since I have regained my health and strength."

MR. OLSEN'S STATEMENT.

I reside at No. 523 First East street; am a molder by trade; am sixty-one years of age, and on account of my ailment have been unable to do any work since I came to Utah, fourteen years ago. I have been treated by several well-known physicians in and out of this city for an obstruction in the apex of my right lung, which prostrated my system, and made it impossible for me to labor or lie down on my side. I had great difficulty in breathing without catching pains, and was barely able to do the lightest work. Wednesday of this week I came to Dr. MacLennan for treatment. The Doctor applied electricity combined with animal magnetism and other appropriate remedies of an external nature, and after undergoing a ten minutes operation, I went home, slept well without any of the old-time sufferings, and returned here to-day feeling perfectly well from the troubles that have afflicted me, though I can't exactly tell why.

MR. GUNDERSON IS GRATEFUL.

Mr. P. Gunderson, of South First East street, Salt Lake City, stated as a testimonial of Dr. MacLennan's powers of healing:

"I am a machinist by profession, but for the past eight years I have been unable to follow my trade, from afflicting trouble in my head, which made me dizzy and forgetful at times. I have experienced great pain in my finger joints, of a rheumatic nature, and have been quite unable to work. The Doctor gave me a treatment by applying his remedies to my head and afflicted parts, which has entirely relieved me, strange to say."

MRS. JOHN HORTON,

Living at Grand Junction, Colorado, came to Salt Lake some weeks ago to receive treatment for a very acute case of rheumatism. She doctored with different ones, tried Hot Springs, all to no avail, and greatly discouraged, she packed her trunks and started to return home, when on the very day she was to take the train some one prevailed on her to go and see Dr. MacLennan. Mrs. Horton called on the Doctor, and after a short consultation went under treatment, from the effects of which she was made perfectly well and went to her home the same week.

MARY M. BRANDON,

Wife of Postmaster Brandon, of Centerville, Davis county, Utah, says she was a great sufferer with catarrh of the eyes and nose. The case became severe, and baffled every remedy resorted to. Finally, hearing of Dr. MacLennan and his remarkable cures, she resolved to visit him and test his magical remedies. After ten days' treatment she was perfectly well, to her great delight and the astonishment of all her friends.

MR. CHAS. STEPHEN,

An old and well-known resident of the Fifteenth Ward, this city, has been deaf in his left ear for the past thirty years, during which time he was unable to hear a sound from it. He says he came to the Doctor yesterday afternoon, and was miraculously restored to hearing under the skillful manipulation of the greatest healer of the age. He was able to hear the tick of a watch when he went away.

MORE WONDERFUL STILL

Is the cure of Mrs. Babish, residing at No. 358 S. Second West street, Salt Lake City. This lady has been an invalid for the past three years, the result of an accident which brought on troubles that baffled all skill until she tried Dr. MacLennan, who, wonderful to relate, restored her health before she left his office. She says: "The past three years, up to the hour of my recovery, I suffered untold miseries. I could not stoop to pick up a pin heretofore without the most excruciating pain, but after treatment, and almost in the twinkling of an eye, I found myself recovered, with all the misery gone. I felt as if twenty-five pounds of weight had been removed from me. I could not believe my senses for a time, and feared it would not last, but the Doctor assured me that I should never be troubled in the same way again, and I had every reason to believe such a great benefactor. I was cured on Thursday, the 17th of June, and I have continued to keep well ever since, and am sure that I will not have any further trouble. I feel well—never felt better in my life."

Dr. MacLennan is now back to San Francisco, and resumed practice at his residence, 1410 Octavia street. See card in another place.

## RED SEAL GRANULATED 98 PER CENT LYE OR POTASH.

SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

P. C. TOMSON, & Co., PHILADELPHIA—I have made three experiments with your Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Caustic Lye with the following results: First, I used twenty-seven cans of the Lye in twenty-seven gallons of water, and sprayed twenty-seven trees with this solution. At first it looked as if these trees were killed, but they have come out in full bloom and look strong and thrifty. I then changed and used one can to seven gallons of water, but found that this was a little too weak, and finally settled down to about five gallons of water to a can of the Lye, and this has completely destroyed all the scale.

S. R. JOHNSON.

This 98 Per Cent Lye, it will be noticed, has only 2 per cent of salt, and as the soil on this Coast must have quite enough of salt already, it follows that all salt used is a positive injury not only to the trees, but also to the land. We are quite sure that Red Seal Granulated Lye will destroy all kinds of insects, and is the cheapest and best of anything that has ever yet been discovered. Call at your grocery store for Tomson's Red Seal Granulated 98 Per Cent Lye; or send two postage stamps to P. C. Tomson & Co., 248 North Third street, Philadelphia, and we will send you a book that will give you all the information that is known in regard to killing insects, and much more valuable information. ap14-6m

## Advice to Mothers.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## Dr. J. V. Mansfield,

OF BOSTON AND NEW YORK.

Is with us again, after an absence of 27 years.

May be consulted on Business or other Matters.

At his Parlors, No. 1, : : Fifth Street,

One door from Market Street.

Terms: For the first consultation, \$2.00  
For each subsequent consultation, 1.00  
Sealed letters per mail, 3.00  
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## "Perfection"

## Window : Sash : Holder,

## DOOR HOLDER,

## WATER FILTER, CLOTHES HOOK, Etc.

## COUNTY AGENTS WANTED.

C. F. SHORT, : : SAN FRANCISCO,

AMERICAN EXCHANGE HOTEL.

aug18 tf

## Guide to Mediums.

— SEND FOR —

## "STODDARD'S NEW GUIDE TO MEDIUMS AND MEDIUMSHIP."

A scientific treatise on the development of spirit mediumship. A pamphlet of 25 pages, containing a medium's chart, which determines who may, or may not, become a successful spirit medium.

Price, 10 Cents. | At this office.

## Fine :- Rooms!

NEATLY FURNISHED!

At 2094 Market Street, : San Francisco,

(At Junction of Market and Valencia Streets.)

A SPIRITUAL HOME. | MODERATE PRICES.

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MRS. LOTTIE BARGION.

## CHILDREN, TAKE NOTICE!

Something new. A funny, bright, new game of cards for young folks.

## Topsy Talkers!

Price, only 25 cents. Any number, from two to ten, can play this game. Directions in cover of each box. Agents wanted. Also Mrs. Owen's Cook Book, \$2.75; Twenty Years of Hustling, \$1.50; The Career of the Stolen Boy, (illustrated), \$1.25. By Express upon receipt of price.

M. E. GERRISH & CO.,

316 Taylor street, San Francisco.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.



FRED EVANS.  
—FOR—  
INDEPENDENT  
SLATE  
AND MECHANICAL  
WRITING.  
MR. EVANS is now  
absent in Australia.  
All letters for him  
can be addressed in  
care of this office.

MISS C. A. THOMSEN,

MAGNETIC HEALER,

2094 Market Street,.....San Francisco,

(At Junction of Market and Valencia Streets.)

OFFICE HOURS :.....From 9 to 4.

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MRS M. J. HENDEE,

PSYCHOMETRIST, TEST AND BUSINESS ME-

DIUM, ELECTRO-MAGNETIC HEALER,

1031 Mission Street,.....San Francisco.

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Circles—Monday and Friday Evenings.

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## PUBLICATIONS.

## A New Departure!

Spirit Eona's Legacy to the Wide Wide

World to be sold by Agents and

through the House direct.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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## The Golden Gate.

[From Spirit H. B. Knapton, through the mediumship of Mrs. Adelaide Spire-Brooks.]

MY FRIENDS:—It would be pleasing if I could roll up the curtain that separates the temporal and spiritual worlds, so that you could see how many anxious and happy ones are here to take part in this meeting; we would also be very glad to have you all accompany us to our homes upon this side of life, so that you could learn the truth beyond question, that there is a real world upon this side of the grave.

We frequently come here and tell you of the golden gate that dear ones pass through upon entering this life; yet we have never supposed that you thought the gateway, or the doors thereof, were made of gold, such as you use for so many purposes in earth-life, but rather that it was emblematical of a condition that all hope for when they come into this life; for, verily, there is as much difference in conditions here as there is in the black of iron, and the beautiful hue of finely polished gold, and while our descriptions of scenes here are truthful, and many times the birth into the new life is like passing through highly polished golden gates held wide open by loving ones upon this side, who have been watching and waiting for the coming of one who has never allowed the lamp of love to go out—for one who had also learned that earth-life was only a preparatory school in the progressive journey of life, and consequently, had always striven to do each day's duty in the faith that dear ones gone before were in some way cognizant of all efforts for good, and were thereby made happy in that knowledge. When such persons come into this life, it is true that the gates are thrown wide open, as it would appear, and all around them is an atmosphere that reminds them of the glorious golden sunset of harvest time in earth-life. We like to come here and tell you of the reception into the spirit world of all such, that you may thereby be led into paths leading to such joy upon this side of the river.

You in earth-life have been taught that there is no happiness here except for those who have made public profession of conversion to Christianity; but I find that profession without works is of little account, for it is not what you pretend to be, so much as what you really are; hence it is that many who profess to have found the true way to happiness in heaven, learn upon arriving here that there has been a mistake somewhere, and it is often sorrowful to witness the disappointment of such persons when they awake upon this side of the river.

It is also a very frequent occurrence that we assist in the reception of those who never made any claims to Godliness—those who only made the best of their lot in earth-life, and were always ready to wipe away the tears from sorrowing eyes as they journeyed along the way, and finally came down to the river without fear, because they were conscious of doing the best they could for themselves and their fellow sojourners in earth-life. It is very interesting to be present when such persons come through the gates of the New Jerusalem, because they are always overcome with thankfulness and surprise upon finding so many loving ones ready to minister to their comfort. At such times it frequently happens that there are several among the helpers who had received kind words and attention in earth-life from this newly born soul; then it is that the songs of rejoicing are something that you in earth-life know very little of. Deeds of love in earth-life are the source of very much happiness in the after life upon this side. Who can tell what the harvest will be?

My sympathy and work in earth-life was with and for the unfortunate ones there, and very much of my work here is to lead sorrowing and sinful ones out of the depths of darkness that their life there led them into, and I find quite as much missionary work to do here as when there, and probably receive as much satisfaction from this work as any other, for I am serving the Master more than could be possible in standing and shouting hosannas to His name. The glory in this life comes from helping some poor soul out of the depths of darkness into the beautiful light of the Summer Land. Mankind do not come from the realm of sin to at once bask in the smiling presence of purity and holiness.

The difference in the reception and description thereof of this class and those who come through the golden gates would be so great that, if truly given, would convince you at once that there are really hells and torments here almost indescribable. But thanks to a kind Providence, the way is open whereby they can be reached, and induced to turn their faces toward the brighter beyond of life in this country, where love, instead of revenge, governs, where finally all will sing the happy songs of deliverance from the valley of despair. For there is no place in the spiritual kingdom so dark with woe, but there is a bright light somewhere, that points to a better condition beyond.

When we write you about the golden gate, we always refer to the result of the better life there, and the passage of those who come from the realm of good endeavor into life upon this side of the grave; at the same time, we must assure you that very many do not come through that beautiful and shining way into this

world, and as no two lives have been the same in all things, no two will pass through the same experiences upon entering the spirit world.

There is an old, old error among mankind in reference to life after coming into the spirit world, in that it has been and now is taught that there is no redemption or progression after the mortal form is laid aside. My friends, did you ever seriously turn this subject over, and view it with the truth shining upon it, that earth life is but as a moment of time, when compared with the fact that there is an eternity in the beyond for every soul? and that the Creator would not deal justly by his creature man, were it a fact that the short time of earth life is all that would be allowed to prepare for a life that never endeth beyond the grave?

I am glad to be able to return from heaven and exhort my fellow man to live righteously, and thereby become prepared to enter into a realm of peace and contentment upon this side of the grave. And I also assure you that however good and true your life, there is a realm in the beyond of this life, where you can find more knowledge and happiness than is experienced upon first entering the spirit side of life. Therefore enter into the path leading to the golden gate, that stands between the two worlds, by strewing your earthly way with deeds of loving kindness to your fellow traveler.

## Kissing the Book.

[American Agriculturist for July.]

In the courts of many States a witness is sworn to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," with his hand upon a copy of the Bible, and after this the book is presented for him to kiss. In other States the Bible is not made use of, at least not unless one of the lawyers thinks that on account of the religion of the witness it will add to the sanctity of his oath.

At a trial in Newark, N. J., not long ago, Dr. Drescher, State Analyst of New Jersey, was a witness, and, on being sworn, made only a pretext of touching his lips to the soiled volume. After the lawyers had made their arguments, the counsel for the opposite side raised the point that the Doctor's oath was invalid, as he had intentionally avoided "kissing the book." The Doctor admitted that he was afraid to touch his lips to a book that had been kissed by so many others, for fear that disease might be communicated, saying that he did not think it safe to touch his lips to it.

The judge ordered the case to be reopened; the doctor gave the soiled cover of the Sacred Book a sounding smack and then vigorously scrubbed his lips with his handkerchief. On the few occasions when the writer has been a witness in court, he has asked of the judge that he might "affirm" instead of "swearing," as he preferred not to take any bacteria or microbes with his oath. It is a violation, not only of personal rights, but of proper sanitary regulations to compel one to place his lips in contact with so foul a thing as the binding of a court Bible.

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(Written for the Golden Gate.)

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(Through the mediumship of Mrs. E. J. Fox, scribe of the Order.)

Muricana, from the spirit realms of Mercury, has come, at the call of Saidie and her wisdom guides of this planet, to do what she may to help the band bring light and knowledge to earth hearts.

Muricana comes with a heart filled with love and pity for mankind. We are all children of the Infinite, e'en though from many planet homes. Our planet, Mercury, nearer the sun than your own, is more highly unfolded than this planet. There we had many advanced ideas and principles, long ages ago, which are new to your planet to-day. The past few years have brought to earth knowledge which but a century past was unknown, although you may look back into the centuries and find many expressed ideas and thoughts, not only in buildings, but in science, art and music, which seem lost to the world of to-day. Muricana says she has now come in response to Saidie's call. But Muricana also says this is not her first visit to your planet earth. Ages have passed while earth has been unfolding her possibilities—those which lay buried deep beneath the crude exterior which must yet become receptive to the breath of the angel world—receptive to the touch of angel life. During those ages angels have watched with longing hearts this unfolding, have waited expectantly this time, when they might lay in the hearts of mankind the treasures of wisdom they possessed.

Muricana, with many others, have visited their waiting homes, have watched with them, have oft met them in council, and entered heart and soul into their plans and projects for the ultimate good of the planet and its people. Looking back o'er the past Muricana sees the onward march of progress; she has seen the rise and fall of nations; has seen the darkened mind of the race illuminated by rays of wisdom from spheres earth minds saw and comprehended not. She has seen advanced spirits come to earth and take their places as incarnated beings among the inhabitants of earth. Here and there, among the different races of your people, she has seen those who have met her in temples of light, become as one of earth's inhabitants, one of its people. Here and there minds have lighted dark places, have given to earth some results of their own wisdom in the ideas expressed, whether of architecture, science, art or music. These were those advanced expressions of knowledge; those who gave them to the world were considered strange, almost to becoming as aliens. They were of those the world call poor and low. Why this must be so, Muricana will attempt to make plain. Long, long ago a constellation, or soul family, sought expression in matter. One of the Father's families linked together by an indissoluble tie, the tie of soul love. This is immortal as the soul of man—Aye, immortal as God Himself. Long ago. Countless ages have rolled by since then, and Muricana was of the family.

Together we might seek our first expression in material life; afterward our first baptism in matter on the several planet homes our Father has built in the vast depths of limitless space. On the planet Mercury was Muricana's first home. On Jupiter, Saturn, Venus Neptune, and others, the names of which are unknown to earth minds, others of our own constellation found their homes. There they incarnated again and yet again, unfolding more and more their spiritual with their intellectual natures. From incarnation to incarnation these were attended by wisdom guides and teachers, those who watched o'er them with the deep love exalted beings have for those they would lead up the heights of unfoldment, and then gather round them as loved ones, cherished children, who have wandered long, and at last arrived at home, crowned with well-earned laurels of victory. Blessed time of home coming! Far into the future Muricana now peers, perceiving the light and glory of a glad homecoming. Saidie's heart longs for and rests in a happy consummation of her heart's desires. For this has she worked all the ages; for this sent forth her children into the mist-shrouded valleys, where alone they might gather to themselves the jewels of an immortal life, where alone they may sow and till for the glorious harvest of the yet to be.

Look back through the ages; take the lamp of wisdom and return thither with Muricana, pausing here and there to behold the ruins of the past; here and there what landmarks remain as monuments of superior intelligence and power. The pyramids, the temples of old, and the written page of history, reveal the genius, the knowledge of the past. Painting and music have an unwritten history, the pages of which shall yet reveal to the minds of this earth that science and culture owes nought to your revealed religions; that your earth Jehovah rules not the universe of mind and matter; but from other more unfolded planets, whereon the families of the Infinite might find homes, have come to earth, in its own proper time of unfoldment, spirits masterful to a degree, attended by masterful ones, who have incarnated among earth's children, and blessed the earth with their own greater knowledge of unfoldment.

The places where these have dwelt hold landmarks they have left. While they dwelt among men they were noted for being different, held before the minds as peculiar and strange; but little knew the earth hearts the blessing of light and life flowing earthward through these channels. Many constellations have come earthward at this eventful epoch in her history. Many have come at Saidie's call to help her children tide over the rough seas of the present. With a deep love in our hearts for this earth, this child of the Father's, born 'mid inharmonious and unrest, we have come to bless the land.

Muricana's home planet is one centered in greater harmony with the Infinite, consequently, creed and bigotry have no dwelling place there. The children of the planet proper have within great love for their homes, and for each other; therefore strife is unknown, as you experience it here.

The rivers and lakes are beautiful; the waters clear; through them can be distinctly seen the white pebbles which lie at the bottom. Beautiful pearly shells may be gathered in abundance on the shores; flowers and mosses grow luxuriantly upon the banks of the streams. Gently undulating is the surface of the land, and Muricana has never seen there a barren rock or desert plain. There are wild and grand scenes in nature, but nought to strike terror or dread to the traveler. We travel as you do, upon railroads, by means of boats, the propelling power of both being electricity. Long ere earth minds saw the utility of electricity, Mercury's children were using it to light their dwellings and their streets. Knowledge is more advanced there than here. There are no ignorant ones; all have a degree of unfoldment beyond earth spirits of the present. Knowledge here is but in its infancy; earth spirits are hardly unfolded to receive angel light and knowledge; but time will bring her own changes; earth will unfold its hidden possibilities, and earth hearts receive a mighty wave of inspiration, which is e'en flowing earthward from yonder bright spheres far beyond its influence and condition.

Saidie has waited long, has worked tirelessly, and her work shall be crowned with success. Ages to come will tell their story of unfoldment and progress, and Saidie's children will rejoice that into their hands was given the work of opening the gates leading to the threshold of the temple, whose glory crowned turrets are even now shining with the brightness of the better land.

Brothers and sisters, ye who work for truth and right, Muricana greets you in love and bids each good speed. You are each filling well your mission, and the blessings immortals alone can give will be with you ever. With the love of

MURICANA.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., July 21, 1888.

From an Eastern Co-Worker.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I wish to speak a word for the dear GOLDEN GATE, which now comes to me weekly freighted with its world of beautiful and profitable reading. It is an excellent paper, and though at present my work is confined to another branch of work in the great vineyard of Reform, I am in full sympathy with the spiritual work; in fact, I believe the work you are doing so nobly, and the work I am aiding in advancing, are one and the same.

I have never taken one step, I have never spoken one word, I have never been one whole hour since I began my work among the radical element of economic, social and political reformers, but I have been conscious of a host of angels, disembodied, attending me. I could not have borne all the disappointments and antagonisms I have passed through, without them; and I am fully persuaded they will never desert me. Really, the disembodied have come to be as much a part of my being as the embodied; and oh! far more tender and wise in their counsel and aid.

But the East is not the Golden State of California. I miss the flowers, I miss the climate, I miss the liberty, I miss the ripe souls there. They jostled each other sometimes in their awakenings, but they were free compared to some places I have visited, where the atmosphere was so sectarian one would stifle, spiritually, inhaling it. Our philosophy is not as wide spread nor as advanced as it ought to be in the East; there have been many draw backs of various kinds, and the mad rush for gold goes hand in hand with superstition and spiritual blindness, which prevails in Chicago, and all other large cities, too largely.

Oh! how much they miss who prefer the flesh pots to the communion of the angels. One hour of rapture, when lifted above the dross of earth, is worth a century of jangle and roar among the blinded devotees of Mammon.

I hope you will both be spared to wield a strong and shining pen for truth, many, many years to come, and swing outward the "Golden Gate," which leads to the land of rest, for which we pray, of which we have dreamed and hoped for all our mortal days.

I remain an enemy to our common foe, superstition and ignorance, a friend and ally of truth, love and immortality, and a co-worker with you.

E. V. W. PATTERSON.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10, 1888.

## The Way to True Spiritual Progression.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

A few difficult but necessary rudiments to master before we can successfully ascend the scale of True Spiritual Progression:

To judge not.  
To bear and forbear.  
To return good for evil.  
To control our tempers.  
To look upward, never downward.  
To court smiles instead of frowns.  
To conquer our little weaknesses.  
To cultivate *patience*, the key to success.

To count every human being a brother.  
To endeavor to grow better every day.  
To be charitable in thought, word, and deed.

To never give offense, but rather soften

our own character, not others.

To try to improve, and ennoble the same.

To check all unkind and unjust expressions.

To glean wisdom from daily discipline.

To extract sweetness from every experience in life.

To indulge only in kind, happy and profitable thoughts.

To comfort others instead of making them uncomfortable.

To live each day better than the preceding one.

To carefully and conscientiously deal with the over sensitive ones.

To try and be a beacon to discouraged, doubting souls.

And finally to let every thought and impulse spring from a heart filled with love and gratitude toward our All-Father, and earnest good will for all His creatures, and every day's rich experience will lift us nearer and nearer that inconceivable and unapproachable *Spirit of Perfection!*

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Why Emerson Left the Church.

(From the Twentieth Century.)

What an imperious ruler conscience is with some men! Emerson left the Church because he could not consistently "administer" the Lord's Supper. In a brief sketch of Emerson in "Unity," the story is told thus:

"In three years and a half he resigned his pulpit and left the ministry. Not that he disliked the work, or was unsuccessful in it. It was because he could no longer sympathetically administer the Lord's Supper. He told his people why—the rite claimed a sanction that did not belong to it in the intent of Jesus; its oriental symbolism was no longer fitted to our tastes; but chiefly, the aggravated value set upon the form, the insisting on it as a vital thing, was to confound the substance of Christianity with its shadow—and Jesus had died to show that in religion forms were passing shadows. But his people loved their rite, and so in gentleness and good-will they parted."

There are a great many preachers, it is to be feared, who would not allow a little conscientious difficulty like that to drive them out into the world, where they would have to take their chances of getting a living without ecclesiastical help. But all ministers are not Emersons, who was a dreadful unbeliever—in doing what is wrong.

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## To the Portrait of Poe.

BY SARAH JULIEN WHITMAN.

Slowly I raised the purple folds concealing  
That face, magnetic as the morning's beam,  
While shimmering memory thrilled at its revealing  
Like "Mosses" breaking from his marble dream.

Again I see that brow's transcendent pallor,  
The dark hair fleeted o'er it like a plume,  
The sweet, imperious mouth, whose haughty valor  
Defied all potent of impending doom.

Eyes, gleaming calm, with something in their vision,  
That seemed out of earth's mortal sphere born;  
Strange mystic faiths and fantasies elysian,  
And far sweet dreams of fairy lands forlorn.

Unfathomable eyes that held the sorrow  
Of vanished ages in their shadowy depths,  
Lit by the presence of heaven's immortal murrow  
Which in high hearts the immortal spirit keeps.

Oh! has that pale poetic presence haunted  
My lonely musings at the twilight hour,  
Transforming the dull earth life it enchanted  
With marvel, and with mystery and power.

Oh! have I heard the fallen sea winds moaning  
Their dirge-like requiem on the lonely shore,  
Or listened to the Autumn woods intoning  
The wild, sweet legend of the lost Lenore.

Oh! on some autumn evening in October,  
Have stood entranced beside the mouldering tomb,  
Hand by the visionary "Lake of Amber,"  
Where sleeps the shrouded form of "Ulalume."

Oh! on still star-lit nights have heard the chiming  
Of far-off mellow bells on the keen air,  
And listened to their molten, golden music tuning  
To the heart's pulses, answering unaware.

Sweet mournful eyes, long closed upon earth's sorrow,  
Sleep restfully after life's fevered dream;  
Sleep, weary heart, till on some cool, bright morn,  
Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morning's beam.

Though cloud and sorrow rest upon thy story,  
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,  
Time, as a birthright, will restore thy glory,  
And heaven rekindle all its stars that fall.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Perdita.

BY THOS. P. NORTON.

It was but yesterday  
I saw her at a free and happy home:  
'Twas in the twilight of sweet Summer-time,  
When nature's harp beneath the shadows hung  
That heaven may whisper to the earth.  
The birds had mated, and the little nest  
Which cupped hung upon the trellis-vine,  
Was feathered to reception. With fixed eye  
She at the casement stood, smiling,  
'Mid all the rich adornments wealth secures;  
Mute and alone; while her whole soul  
Seemed centered in some fair and distant spot,  
Some glittering oasis which rose above  
The barren waste of weary expectation.  
The day drew near—her marriage day: the time  
When Hope puts on her brightest robes, and pure,  
Confiding souls are trembling in the balance  
Of uncertainty.

Again I saw her  
At the altar, when the sun was high;  
While all above was clear; below it was  
A fearful scene. The angels stood confounded  
At the mockery of law and ritual,  
In which a priest may close the door upon  
A world of happiness, and for a scrap of gold  
Turn heaven to hell, in sacred parlance:  
It seemed their tears had dimmed her soul till all  
Was hid in doubt and darkness; yet Hope, upon  
The wings of Faith, still battled with the waves,  
And Love yet sparkled on the weary world  
Of waters.

I see her now:  
The sun hath set beneath the horizon;  
The fiery tempest-clouds appal the earth,  
And all things wear a frightful aspect:  
Within the gloom the fragments of the wreck  
Lie scattered o'er the scene; and all, aye, all,  
The treasures Hope had promised none are swept  
Before the cruel storm of tribulation.  
Weeping, she sits beside a suffering babe  
Nature indignantly has frowned upon,  
Whose trembling soul in that polluted form  
Was dragged into a world of sorrow and  
Affliction. Call ye powers Omnipotent!  
How long shall pure and loving souls  
Be sacrificed at the shrine of lust  
And Mammon? The image of their Maker  
Turned into a charnel house for worse  
Than beasts to revel in? How long  
The loving and the lost to hope and heaven  
Below bewail their fate? Their ling'ring  
Death-moans rise to God for justice and release?  
Ye weeping angels at the door! how long  
Ere His good will is done on earth as 'tis  
In heaven?

## Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
We mean to slacken this fevered rush  
That is wearing our very souls away,  
And grant to our hearts a hush  
That is only enough to let them hear  
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh! never doubt,  
When the burden of daylight broil is o'er,  
We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,  
As the patriarchs sat at the door  
Of their tents with a heavenward gazing eye,  
To watch for the angels passing by.

We promise our hearts that when the stress  
Of the life work reaches the longed-for close,  
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,  
We'll welcome such calm repose  
As banishes care's disturbing din,  
And then we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
When tired of every mocking quest,  
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
We drop at the door of rest,  
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
But—the angels we meant to call are gone!

## The Lesson of the Flowers.

These flowers are God's own syllables;  
They plead so lovingly, they lead  
So gently upwards to His hills!  
If we might only learn to read!  
If we might only learn to read and know  
Christ's book of eighteen hundred years ago!

I think we then should all rejoice,  
Should know the beautiful mysteries,  
Should joy with one wide, common voice  
As joy the great earth circling seas!  
Could we but read as Christ would have us read,  
We then might know the living God indeed!

And this the lesson, this the book  
That lies wide open now as then,  
Come read one syllable, come look  
How broader than the books of men!  
Come, catch the pathos of this harmony  
Of leauteous toil—then all the world is free!

## Mental Science and Healing.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Colville lectures were a great success in Alameda in July, and when he left everybody felt as though they were losing a near and dear friend.

Money has been pledged in Alameda and Oakland to hire Mr. Colville by the month, and have our lectures with open doors for the public on his return. In this way a hope is expressed to reach the masses and sow the seed of reform through and through society.

"As a man thinketh so is he," is as true to-day as hundreds of years ago, and if we can bring young people to know that every wrong thought registers itself and expresses itself in their lives, in their forms and features, and envelops them with such a power that they make and mar their own lives, and all the world around them, then we will have begun the true temperance reform movement.

Mrs. De la Montanya, of Oakland, took an active part in that place in organizing, in a systematic manner, the ways and means to raise money to hire Mr. Colville as our teacher on a permanent basis. Mrs. Shield and Mrs. Aughinbough were workers in the field in Alameda. Mr. Moody, on Park street, still holds a paper to get signatures for the cause, and my work was in all places. It seemed a necessity that some one should visit city and town and do what our hands and hearts found to do. There is not a doubt but our teacher will return, and the College, at 106 McAllister, must keep its doors open, and then assurance will be doubly sure.

The ladies and gentlemen who signed in the city for the College I hope will remember that he who is absent, is present often in spirit, and as they keep up the school now, so they will not forget their duty on his return.

The truth that mind controls matter has been given abundance of proof in all times and places. But we spiritual scientists of Alameda had a test during the last course of lectures there, that is bordering on the miraculous, and which we think good enough to print in the GOLDEN GATE.

A Mr. Thompson, well known in railroad circles, was bitten by a dog, in three or more places on his right hand. The hand began to swell and pain him; he called a physician. It grew worse, swelling to his shoulder, incapacitating him for work. His eyes became bloodshot, his system feverish, and he had every symptom of blood poisoning, when I informed him of the wonderful cures of Mrs. Fannie M. Harrison, of 202 Hyde street, San Francisco.

He went to her, with his hand done up in several thicknesses of white cloth, and a large silk handkerchief bound over all. Mrs. Harrison did not undo the wounded hand, but simply laid it in one of hers for the space of ten or fifteen minutes. On his way home the pain left the hand, and before he got home the swelling in the fingers began to go down, and he could bend his fingers and hand, which he had not done for two weeks. He saw Mrs. Harrison once more. She told him it was well, and in four days after he had removed all bandages, and the hand was a peculiar sight to behold. The cuticle that had been torn was healed, but so rapid had it been, the color was like bright red paint, or the bright red blood from an artery.

This cure all took place in two days' time, and Mr. Thompson was able to return to his work after the first treatment. Can the world of medicine account for such cures, except through the power of spirit or mind over matter. More anon.

ABBA L. HOLTON.

ALAMEDA, Cal.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## A Response.

How like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," is the appreciative tribute of a friend, not alone concerning one's self, but also the subjects and surroundings dear to the heart; and how satisfying the companionship that needs not the continual rattling discharge of short exclamations and long adjectives by which to make itself understood; where the poise of the head, the brightness of the eye and the very atmosphere surrounding the person, show that the outer glory has reached the inner sanctuary and "attuned itself to sweet accord" with the best the spirit has to give! Such friendships are prophecies of what we shall be when all masks have been laid aside and we "know as we are known." But not yet have we learned to adjust all the harmonies, and from lack of full expression and complete understanding, discords result; for the most carefully chosen words, the most delicately tinted picture, or the sweetest music, never reached the heights or the depths of the emotion that tried to embody itself, and appeals, unheeded, to the ears and the eyes that listen and look for other things.

At the best, spoken words are but partial expressions; written words are but reminders, yet without them life would lose much of the satisfaction that memory brings and which is the foundation of hope itself. Yet how few these reminders are! That which touches the heart came from the heart, often from one in sore need of help, but how often we for-

get or neglect to respond, and the weary one falls by the roadside thinking no one has heard.

The passion for fiction, the drama, for shams of all kinds, has gained such a hold on the people, so encircled the natural emotions in a shell of critical indifference, that we could almost stand on the shore within hearing of the one drowning, and compliment him on the excellent quality of his voice, and the appropriate style in which he performs his part.

But in ocean and sky, mountain and valley, tree, rock, and brook, there is no struggling to seem that which they are not, no tone out of tune, no misunderstanding. So, "Mignonette," come again, and once more we will softly creep into that wonderful studio roofed by interlacing trees, adorned by boulders, and cooled by the ever-singing waters, where the Infinite is ever working in symphonies of sound and harmonies of color. There, my little verses may be appropriate, but removed from the surroundings which naturally suggested them, might not have much interest for the general reader; yet, "such as I have give I thee." LUPA.

## Corrections.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In my "Hit and Miss Stripe," which seemed verily like unto its name because of several mistakes, are some points I would enjoy seeing corrected, as at present they "lay heavy" on my moral stomach.

The following is one point which I will copy as printed, and correct: "As a result of the blending of the positive and negative chemicals enshrined in the Father and Mother God, there is a casting off, or, in other words, a hint of mind jets." The word *hint* should read *birth*, thus making an entirely different meaning, or, rather, giving actual significance to the sentence, where before it had none.

In the second sentence below the one quoted is the following: "By virtue of the creative source they attract most naturally from the soul others of the Infinite." The word *others* should read *ethers*.

A slight mistake is not worth noticing, but the ones I refer to seem to call for a slight reconstruction. It is not at all impossible that they occurred by my rapid and careless way of writing, and I shall feel fully grateful for being allowed to correct them. There are so many real blunders in this world, it would seem that pen blunders should be avoided.

Yours truly, COUSIN RUTH.

## Meetings in Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Our Sunday evening meetings of the Progressive Spiritualists are well attended, and as there are some persons investigating the philosophy of Spiritualism, as well as the phenomena, we have endeavored to please all. Last Sunday evening Mrs. Crockett, of San Jose, was present, and answered a number of questions given by the audience. Mrs. Miller and Madame De Roth were also present, and gave a number of convincing tests. Next Sunday evening Mr. Pettibone, independent slate-writer, of San Francisco, has promised to be with us; also Mrs. Miller (symbol medium) and Madame De Roth (psychometrist). Meetings commence at 7:30 P. M.

MRS. DAVIS, Sec'y.

OAKLAND, August 14, 1888.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—  
*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

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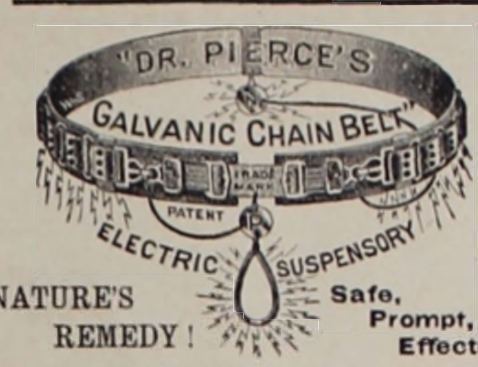
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